Enter Richard Duke o

NOw is the winter of
Made glorious ſumm
And all the clouds,t
In the deepe bowels
Now are our browes bound
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for
Our ſterne alarums chang'd to
Our dreadfull marches to del
Grim-viſagd warre,hath ſmoot
And now inſtead of mounting
To fright the ſoules of feareft
He capers nimbly in a ladies c
To the laciuious pleaſing of a
But I that am not ſharpe of ſp
Nor made to court an amouro
I that am rudely ſtampt,and
To ſtrut before a wanton amb
I that am curtaild of this faire
Cheated of feature by diſſemb
Deform'd, vnfiniſht ſent befo
Into this breathing world,halfe
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſ
That dogs barke at me as I hal
While I in this weake piping t
Haue no delight to paſſe awa
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in
And deſcant on mine owne de
And therefore ſince I cannot p
To entertaine theſe faire well
I am determined to proue a
And hate the idle pleaſures o
Plots haue I layd,inductions d

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